

.....\$2.50.....MATURE READERS



Sick puppy COMIX #7

PO BOX 93 PADDINGTON NSW 2021 AUSTRALIA e-mail: stratu@start.com.au

'He dyed his hair reddish black, bronzed his features with pancake make-up, whitened his lips with a pale cream cosmetic stick. He adorned his face with phoney imperfections: he plastered a dark dot of putty on one cheek and gradually built it up until it resembled a huge and hideous black mole. He hurt his nose once (or claimed he did), and over the real or imagined damage he taped a wide bandage, which he wore like a badge; it stayed there for weeks, turning from dirty grey to nearly black. To appear taller, he stuffed a three inch layer of tin cans and rags in improbable knee-high boots, in which he stumbled along so painfully that many thought him a cripple. He didn't mind at all, since he often played upon the sympathy of others by fabricating outlandish stories of personal handicap, each over-ripe with self-pity.'

- from a description of teen killer Charles Schmid Jr
LUSTMORD: THE WRITINGS AND ARTIFACTS OF MURDERERS edited by BRIAN KING (BLOAT BOOKS)



Welcome to Sick Puppy Comix #7 (????!! Already? Bang! Where does the time go???) No doubt you will have noticed that the cover price has jumped to a whopping \$2.50. However, you will also have noticed the deluxe, deathly grey cover and the ridiculously generous 44 pages. I'm sure you will find, dear readers, that this inevitable price hike is completely justifiable. Besides, what the hell else is \$2.50 gonna buy you these days, anyway? The small end of fuck all is what.

To continue with my retarded obsessions with letter columns (a pathetic need for validation, I guess), you will notice there isn't one in this issue, despite promises last issue. You see, I only received a couple of letters from people who weren't directly involved with Sick Puppy (or comix in general) and I'd feel pretty stupid printing congratulatory, back-slapping letters about SP#6 by folks who appeared in SP#6. This sorry situation leads me to believe that the majority of you out there are either totally illiterate (and only buy Sick Puppy for the funny pictures); are paranoid of the postal system (much like our very own Lord Morgue...) or are simply closet Sick Puppy readers who really don't want it known that they actually fork out their hard-earned clams for this trash. (Maybe things will change now that I've got this frickin' hi-tech e-mail address...mumble...etc..)

Making their Sick Puppy debuts this issue: Q-Ray (Melbourne mini comix veteran and creator of Scam, Wang and Comix Messiah); Paul Rowe (underground terrorist and master of collage art: Mongrel (another anonymous contributor...see last issue...)). We also bid a temporary farewell to the Sick Puppy Hi-Fi and welcome the notorious Steve Carter with his 'Violence Against Music'. You will soon see that not only is he a highly talented comix fiend supreme -- he also knows a thing or two about those crazy-cracker Kraut rockers.

Hup! Enjoy the show, folks!

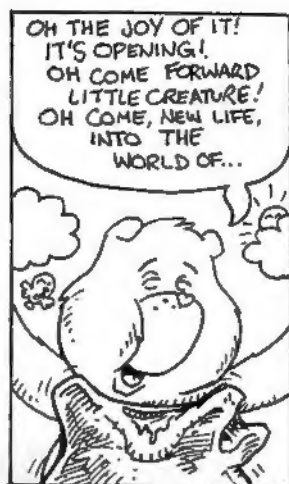
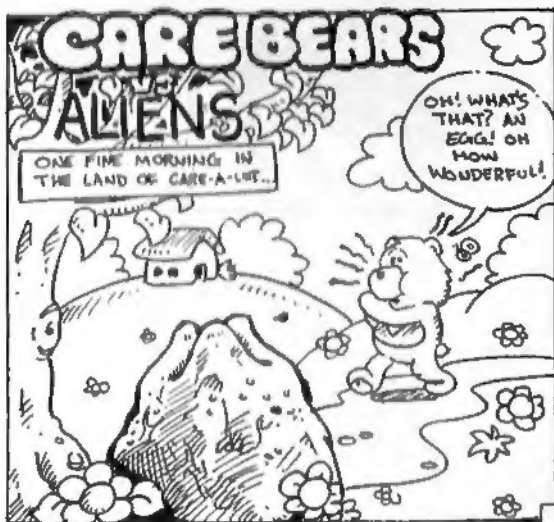
Stratu - March 1998

SAD MUTANT PUPPY SIDE

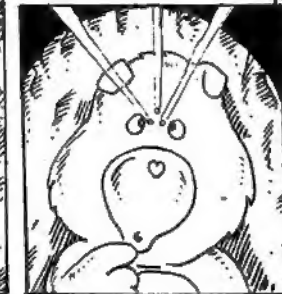
- Cover by Glenn Smith
p2 - This is It, Creepazoid!
p3 - Sick Scooby by Ross Tesoriero
p4-5 - Care Bears Vs Aliens by Q-Ray
p6-8 - Tall of the Tempting Little Mermaid by Ryan Vella
p9 - Vernon D. Zees by Anton Emdin
p10 - Michael Hutchence Belts Out His Last Song by Ryan Vella
p11 - Oooh!! He's a Sick Puppy by Neale Blanden
p12 - Kurt Hurt's Reasons To Draw Comix by Stratu
p13 - Relaxed? by Ross Tesoriero
p14-15 - I Can't See You But I Know You're There by Gerard Ashworth
p16 - The Following is a Public Service Announcement by Scott Pollard & Ryan Vella
p17 - Lord Morgue's Video Frenzy!
p18 - Violence Against Music reviews by Steve Carter
p19 - Tantric Foreplay by Paul Rowe
p20 - Mannheim Jerkoff Takes On The Cynics
p21 - True Advice (sic) From A Ragin' Pedophile by Mongrel
p22-23 - Cave of the Mutant Sex Clan by Steve Carter & Antoinette Rydyr

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FROM A CONVERSATION WITH STEVE (SUSAN'S-ENTERTAINMENT)

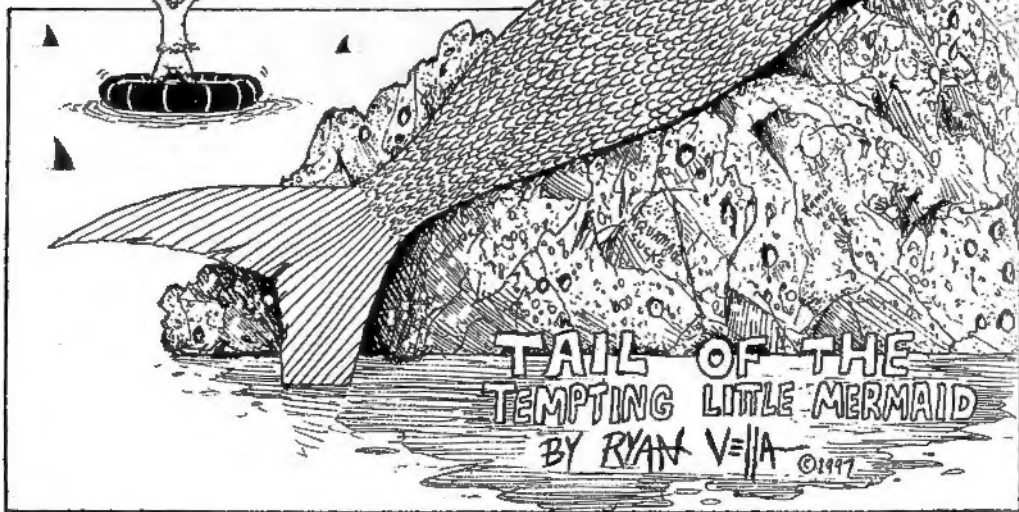


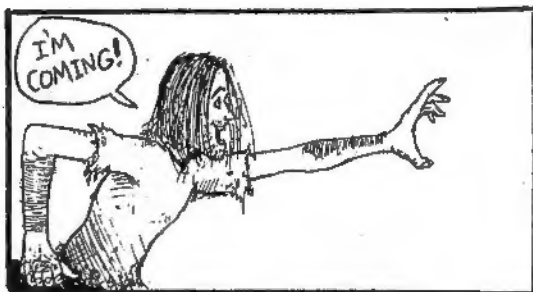


IN DAYS GONE BY SAILORS WOULD TELL OF SIRENS OF
THE SEA WHO WOULD LURE MEN TO DEATH WITH THEIR SONG...



HEY!



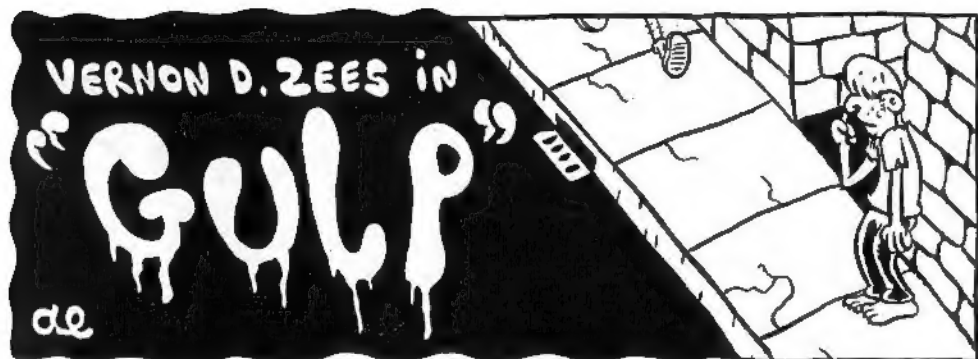


**MUNCH!
MUNCH!**

BEST DAMN
FISH I
EVER HAD!



**THE
END...**



MICHAEL HUTCHENCE BELTS OUT HIS LAST SONG!

URRK!!



SICK PUPPY

BY NEALE BLANDEN

© 1997

ONE DAY, ME AND MY MATES,
(AND ONE OF ME MATE'S DOG),
WENT DOWN TO PLAY AT
MULLUM CREEK.

MULLUM CREEK

341 MAROONDAH HWY
RINGWOOD
(my house)

ROBERT ST

HERBERT ST

MAROONDAH HIGHWAY

SO WE WERE DOING LITTLE
BOY THINGS, WHEN SUDDENLY
ONE OF ME MATES SAID.....

I REALLY NEED TO DO A
POO.

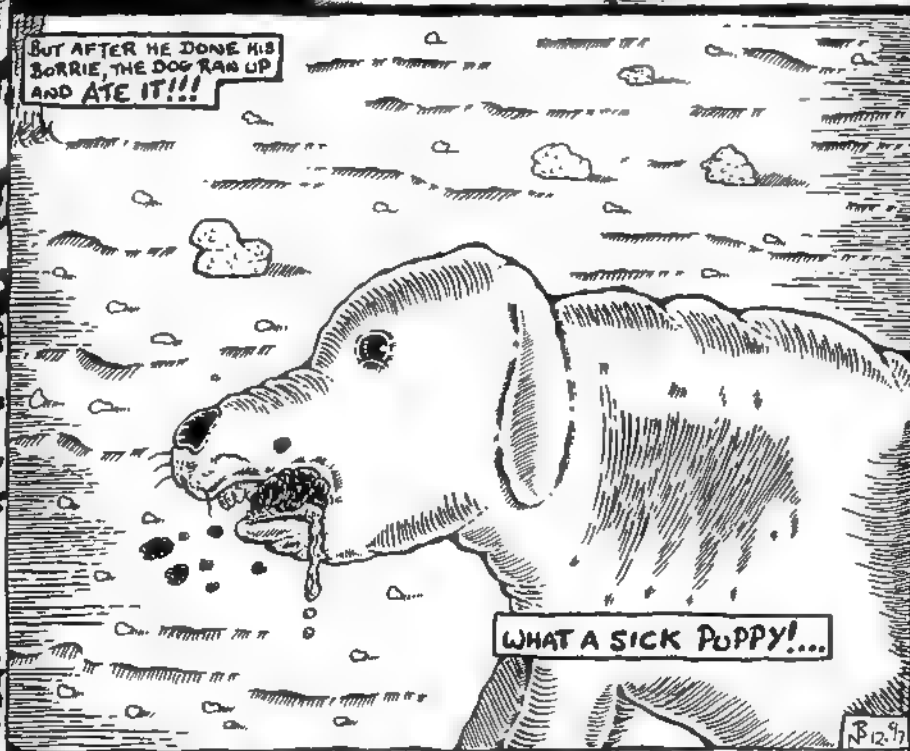


SO HE DROPPED HIS DAKS
AND DID ONE THERE AND THEN.
YOU'RE SICK!

COULDN'T
YOU WAIT
TILL WE GOT
TO A DUNNY!



BUT AFTER HE DONE HIS
BORRIE, THE DOG RAN UP
AND ATE IT!!!



WHAT A SICK PUPPY!...

B 12-97



A GREAT EXCUSE TO
DRINK LOTS OF BEER!!

ALL RIGHT! JUST
FINISHED ANOTHER
PANEL! TIME FOR AN
EXTRA LOONG CHUG
ON MY BEER!!!



NAKED WOMEN!

WOW! AREN'T YOU THE GUY
THAT DOES THAT COMING
SHIT FEAST??

YEP!



TO REVEAL YOUR TRUE
GENIUS TO OTHER
PEOPLE AT WORK...

WOW, KURT! THAT'S
REALLY GREAT! JUST
REMEMBER ME WHEN
YOU'RE FAMOUS, OK?

JESUS! WHAT
A CREEP!

SURE!



QUIT YOUR DAY JOB!!

WOW... A CHEQUE FOR
TWO DOLLARS...
...UH... COOL...



TO BE A PART OF THE
ESTEEMED ART WORLD.

COMIX WILL NEVER BE
TAKEN SERIOUSLY AS ART.

**SMOKE A TURD,
ART NAZI!!!**



THERAPY.

I OFTEN REALISE THAT
IF I WASN'T DOING THESE
COMIX, MY LIFE WOULD
BE ABSOLUTELY POINTLESS...
MEANINGLESS...



YOU CAN'T GO TO PRISON
FOR DRAWING COMIX*



*YEAH, RIGHT...-MIKE DIANA.

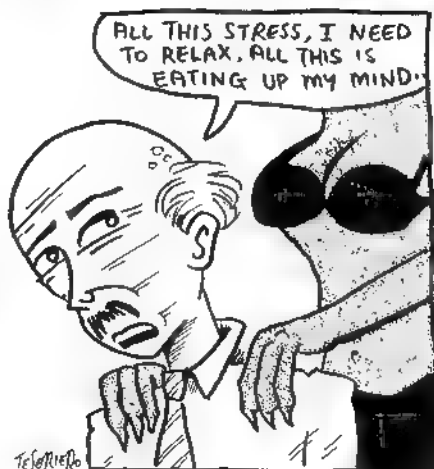
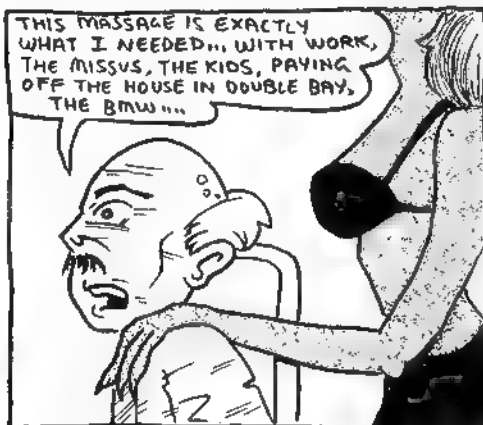
COMIX - ONE OF THE
LAST OF THE SOLITARY
PURSUITS.



END

"RELAXED?"

©1998 - ROSS TESORIERO

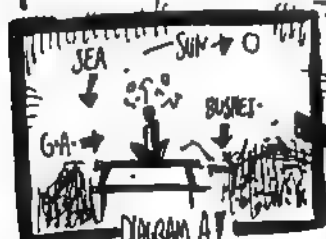


'I CAN'T SEE YOU, BUT I KNOW YOU'RE THERE' ~ (J. ASHORTH) 7/8

MY MIND AND I HAVE THIS SPATIAL RELATIONSHIP ~

THERE'S A SPECIAL DEMARCATION BETWEEN WHAT'S REAL
AND WHAT'S NOT AND WHAT'S DOWNRIGHT INEXPL. CABLE.

HOWEVER ~ This was not one of those times ~



BOOK ~ REMOTE
VIEWERS: THE STORY
OF AMERICA'S SECRET
PSYCH. WARFARE



SCENE'S THIS ~
A FAVOURITE ISOLATED
DRINKING SPOT OF
MINE SOMETIME ~

ON A PICNIC BENCH RIGHT NEXT TO A BEACH THAT MEAN'S NOWHERE TO YOU ~

GETTING
MAJOR
LEAGUE
FACED
AND
BRAIN
FRIED
ON
CHEAP
WINES



~ I READ AWAY, I HEAR THE SOUNDS OF SURF BEYOND
THE BUSHES, LOOK UP OCCASIONALLY TO THE SIGHT OF
SAND AND FOAM IN THE LEAFY GAPS - LOOK AT THE BUSHES
ONE TIME ~ AND I HEAR HER.

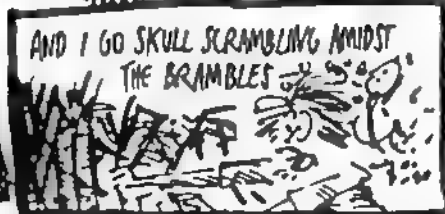
I HEAR THIS LITTLE GIRL LOST PLEADING VOICE IN THE BUSHES ~

SHE'S A DEAD FIVE YEAR OLD WHO HAS BEEN BURIED
IN THE BRAMBLES AND SHE'S PLEADING ~ ASKING-
TO BE FOUND-
JUST FOUND-



SHE DOESN'T SAY
BUT I'M
CONVINCED-

"I'M THINKING
BACK ~
BUT WHO
KILLED YOU-
HOW LONG HAVE
YOU BEEN ~"



AND I GO SKULL SCRAMBLING AMIDST
THE BRAMBLES

"WHERE ARE YOU, WHERE ARE YOU?" ANXIOUSLY I SEARCH, HER SAD SONG IN MY MIND THEN 2 "IT'S NOT REAL
YOU FOOLKID!"



I STUPIDLY CRAWL OUT,
TURN BACK TO THE SCRUB-

URINATING IN
ANGER-

"I PISS ON YOUR
SOUL!!!"

WHEREUPON I DROUGHTENLY
STUMBLE INTO THE LEAF
~ INTEREST AGAIN-



FEELING QUITE THE
DUNCEB, I DECIDE
TO CURE AWAY
WITH LOAM IN MY
HAIR ~
AND AS I SANELY
WRITE THIS -



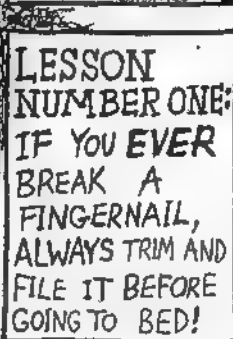
-NO-
I'M NOT
TOO SURE
IF SHOULD
GO BACK
AND
LOOK ~.

POST SCRIPT - RELATING THIS STORY TO A
FRIEND, HE SAID THAT THESE 'CONDITIONS' OF
MINE ALWAYS INVOLVING WOMEN, REMIND-
ING ME OF A HORROR SCENE RAPE SCENARIO
OF SOME TIME BACK, AND, CHRIST YES I COULD
'REMEMBER' A FEW OTHERS - EVEN WHEN
I'M STRAIGHT ~ HMM - INVESTIGATIONS CONTINUE!

THE FOLLOWING IS A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

WRITTEN BY SCOTT POLLARD AND ILLUSTRATED BY RYAN VELLA.



THE END.

LORD MORGUE'S VIDEO FRENZY!

Look, how many times do I have to say it?! I did not do that 'Sad Morgan' strip last issue! And it wasn't about me either, wise guy.

DEATH MACHINE

British/American Japanese co-production that somehow manages to combine every James Cameron movie ever made into one lovably psychotic package - the Amazon with fucked-up mothering instincts (Sigourney Weaver/Linda Hamilton composite); the sensitive soldier (strong-but sensitive, tough-but vulnerable just wants to get his men out, voted most likely-to-die-in-a-tragic-noble-martyr-I-ke-way (Michael Biehn in Aliens The Terminator, The Rock, Navy Seals every damn thing he's ever been in, really)), the Psycho Trooper (Vasquez and Hudson from Aliens the Indian guy from Predator); the fat, sweaty, paranoid executive who you just know is going to get a hold of a gun because some goof left it lying around, and finally, the monster that just refuses to die, chasing the heroes endlessly around a giant, high tech office building like the bastard offspring of Pac-Man and Freddy Krueger on Road Runner overdrive. Sadly, this gem was overlooked at the time of release, even by me in the then surfeit of crap Terminator/Predator/Robocop knockoffs (Metal Beast, APEX, Prototype Cyborg Cop T-Force, Project Shadowchaser, ad fucking nauseam). Morgue-Bob says "I'd give it two thumbs up, if'n that pesky robot hadn't bitten them off!"

KILL OR BE KILLED

Cover type hails this as "THE GREATEST MARTIAL ARTS MOVIE EVER MADE!" Quite an achievement considering the whole thing was patently shot on a shoestring budget in downtown Pretoria. A low budget South African ripoff of Enter the Dragon shot in 1977 starring pseudo martial artist James Ryan as Steve Chase, a karate expert who is recruited by loony old Nazi fart Baron Von Rudloff to fight in a tournament to zero death! Seems the good Baron's karate team got their butts kicked in WW2 by a Japanese team led by a Mr Miyagi (No, Daniel-san, not that Mr Miyagi) Von Rudloff wants a rematch and now has enough South African diamonds to make everyone pretend they still give a shit, except our hero, who objects to working for a loony old Nazi fart. Von Rudloff promptly sends his number one asshole to kidnap Ryan's girlfriend played by Charlotte Michelle (a karate-kickin' uber-babe of truly Kate Bush proportions). In desperation, Steve joins Miyagi's team and the game of death begins. Ryan's fighting style has to be seen to be believed about 10% karate, 85% gymnastics and 5% trying-to-look-like-Bruce-Lee. On the upside all the other fighters are played by the creme-de-la-crunch of South African karate notably Stan Schmitt and Norm Robinson, who also choreographed the fights giving us some of the best "hard" karate action seen in a film since Sonny Chiba hung up his 'streetfighter' togs (No, sonny I ain't talking about Ken and Ryu Go back to sleep). The show is constantly stolen by the Baron's dwarven sidekick, Chico (Danie Du Plessis), who gets the best lines and does most of the acting. Followed in 1980 by 'Kill And Kill Again', natch. Hootworthy moments: The excruciatingly painful-to-watch romance between Ryan and Michelle, the goofy accents, Von Rudloff's laments and the way that, by clever montage, we are announced to be in Japan

Great Britain and New York, all the while never leaving the same shitty sets in beautiful South Africa

THE FIFTH ELEMENT

ANYONE WHO DOESN'T LIKE THIS MOVIE IS AN OLD CRUMPY-BJM I'M TALKING TO YOU STRAT, YOU OLD CRUMPY-BJM



BRUCE WILLIS AND MILLA JOVOVICH FROM THE FIFTH ELEMENT.

"It's not that I didn't like it exactly - I just thought it was shit" - STRATU.

DRUNKEN MASTER 2

Jackie Chan in kung fu overdrive (his first pure kung fu film since 1980's 'The Young Master'), finally silencing the morons who kept saying he wasn't as good as Jet Li and that he couldn't do his old moves because of age and injury. Jackie bows Jet out of the water by returning to his version of the character that made Jet famous - the real Chinese superhero Wong Fei Hung a crimelighting kung fu man who lived around the turn of the century. Jackie does everything Jet does without the benefit of wires, bringing off a twentysomething Fei Hung effortlessly - moving, talking and fighting like a man half his age. The final blowout is the most astonishing performance of Chan's career as he drinks industrial alcohol to deaden burns caused by dragging himself over a 500 degree bed of coals (a stunt performed twice by Chan, both times burning himself horribly ("First take - no rhythm!" in his own words)) and then breaks into the most jaw-droppingly extreme display of drunken-style kung fu acrobatic prowess rapid-fire kickboxing and sheer deranged lunacy ever seen - spinning flipping flopping growling screaming breakdancing and vomiting outdoing both the first film and his former kung fu masterpiece, 'The Young Master', proving once and for all that Jackie is GOD.

BLOODLUST

Lost Boys meets Reservoir Dogs. Surprise. An Australian vampire film that don't stink! A Fatal Vision release about three lovably homicidal bloodsuckers who rip off the Mafia and go on the run, pursued across rural Australia by redneck cops, stake-wielding TV evangelists and the Italian Mafia. Super gory, shit-your-pants funny and sicker than Michael Jackson on the sickiest day of his whole life if he had an electric sick making machine (Then again he probably does).

VIOLENCE AGAINST MUSIC

Reviews by STEVE CARTER

MERZBOW: 'Hybrid Noisebloom' and 'Space Metalizer'

This material has its roots in the harsh and blunt electronic noise sculpting of early industrial music pioneers **SPK**, **TC** and **Whitehouse**, or even in some of the free form electronic music of the 40's and 50's through to the 60's and early 70's, but it has gone well beyond that point.

Merzbow is one of the more prominent of the new and ultra violent *Japanoise* radicals. These two CDs are very recognisably **Merzbow** with their predominance of intense and dense white noise sonic overloading. Complementing the overall effect is clean production and imaginative mixing. The diversity of abstract shiftings and a multitude of morphing textures make these two works engaging listening from beginning to end.

The music fries and sizzles, writhes and squirms, collapses, twists, screams and tumbles from one surreal noiscape to the next. This is blatantly uncompromising stuff yet it is also full of subtlety and intricacy. It is some of the best *avant-noise* around.

DELERIUM: 'Spheres'

This is not like their more recent *gothic-come-world-music* excursions at all. Rather, it brings to mind **'Phaedra'** and **'Rubycon'** era Tangerine Dream - spaced out, rich and dense and strangely shifting between a mood of near euphoria and one of cosmic eeriness.

The compositions on **'Spheres'** are primarily dynamic electronic soundscapes full of vastness and accentuated by weaving, sweeping and undulating alien noise. Voice and rhythm is kept to a minimum, serving to compliment the texture and tone as it swells, ripples, seduces and surrounds. Occasionally rhythm takes the lead and builds the music up into an ominous intensity or conversely, into a bold, almost regal theme.

This is definitely not *ambient* or *new age* drudgery, despite some dreamy or light moments which add contrast. There's way too much happening for that. **Delerium's** acute sense of structural subtlety and clean production keeps this CD interesting all the way through.

HENRY COW: 'Unrest' (re-issue)

This is what used to be called *alternative music* way back in the weird 70's. It has nothing to do with the dross that is called *alternative music* today in the cool 90's and in fact is far more *alternative* than any of it.

Complex, eccentric, incredibly inventive and laden with Zappaesque elements of jazz, rock and just about everything else. **Henry Cow's 'Unrest'** is a musical phantasmagoria of constant mood swings, intricate composition, quirky arrangements and radical noise improvisation, created in an age when even basic *psychedelic music* was considered too weird.

These works twist from playfulness to eeriness at the drop of a discord. They are overtly dadaist and abstract and totally removed from any musical trend, past or present. **Henry Cow** was one of the most outlandish and different bands of their era. **'Unrest'** is their second LP and the CD release contains bonus material.

Fred Frith, **Henry Cow's** innovative and highly skilled guitarist, has since been involved in a plethora of *avant garde* projects and worked extensively with latter day mavericks **John Zorn** and **Bill Laswell**, among others.

CONRAD SCHNITZLER: 'Rot' (re-issue)

This is the first solo effort from one of *Krautrock's* seminal *avant garde* electronic music composers. It's lost none of its innovative or uncompromising edge. Well recorded, undeniably inventive and visionary, **'Rot'** fills the mind with visions of films like **'Forbidden Planet'** and their accompanying soundtracks. It consists of two long pieces, approximately 20 minutes in length each, which cram the stereo speakers with a multitude of twittering, bubbling otherworldly electronic sounds most of which words can't describe. Very similar in part to early **Kluster**, of which **Schnitzler** was a founding member. A truly inspired and original work.

DEICIDE: 'Legion'

This is a classic of *speed metal* (aka *death metal*, *black metal*) or should I say, *speed mental*. **'Legion'** proves beyond any doubt that this music is indeed a significant form of modern music.

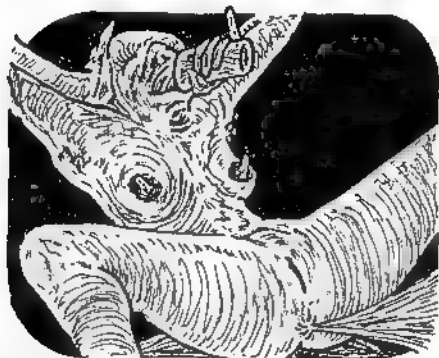
Along with **Monstrosity**, **Slayer**, **Morbid Angel**, **Malevolent Creation**, **Suffocation**, **Emperor**, **Luciferion** and the like, **Deicide** helped forge an uncompromising and startling new form of rock which went way beyond the outrage and controversy of *punk*. One thing is certain: this is not *rock and roll* and it aptly demonstrates that *rock and roll* is either finally completely dead or it has mutated beyond recognition. That *heavy metal* is *speed metal's* great grandfather may well be obvious, especially with its trappings of contentious satanic and shock imagery, but *punk's* thrash aggression has also contributed to the stew. Just as evident are elements of 70's *progressive* and *jazz rock*, particularly in the arrangements and skilled musicianmanship. All these influences have coalesced into a musical mutant that bears little resemblance to anything that came before it and **Deicide's 'Legion'** is as good an example of this aberration as you'll ever find.

It is rife with obscure arrangements, bizarre phrasing and cryptic timing signatures. It is complex, intricate, aggressive, and very fast. The lyrics are supremely blasphemous, the imagery is dark and savage, laden with hatred and anger, and it is a work that is overtly non-conformist and rebellious.

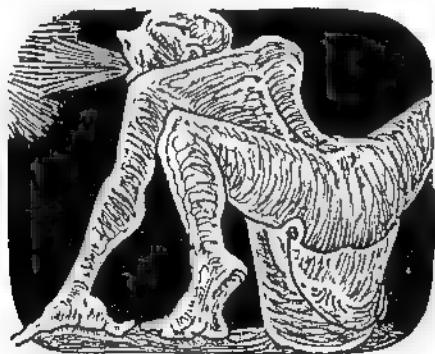
'Legion' would probably go right over the heads of the headbangers it's aimed at, though obviously not all of them. **Deicide** have quite an impressive fan base. This stuff is so far removed from its *heavy metal* ancestry that most straight metal bangers'd be left dazed and confused. **Led Zeppelin** and **Deep Purple** this isn't, it's far more unique, inspired and original than that tired old detritus.

Deicide are a powerful creative force which refuses to bend to the dictates of fashion and mediocrity. Their music, like much of that created by their contemporaries, is relentless and confronting. It has managed to threaten and alienate the old school *rock and roll* establishment in ways quite unlike anything before it, and not a moment too soon, either. Not recommended for audio neophobes or wimps.

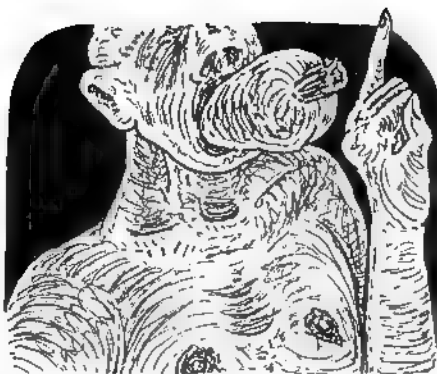
**Don't
try
this at home!**



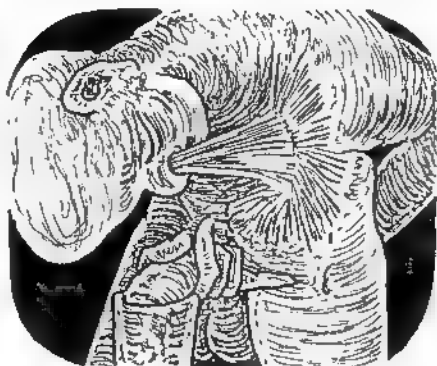
② adept Y drinks water & 'weeee' out de ass...
"cleans da toxins out. do it every day = doc at bay."



④ Y: "childs play." proceeds to sit in bucket; sphincter sucks up wet stuff, out de cakehole it shoots.



① adept X swallows turnip & regurgitates it by means of muscle control.



③ not to be out done X sticks schlong in glass of liquid -- up it goes & 'whoosh' outta da nostril.



⑤ "mmm, pretty impressive but you watchm dis... X-cusee gotta warn up!!!" **TO BE CONTINUED...**

MANNHEIM JERKOFF... TAKES ON THE CYNICS

In response to claims that my reviews were bullshit or that the films never existed, here's some films that other people (in a paranoid bid to avoid being seen as naive or gullible) have proclaimed as bullshit. Their cheap cynicism prevents them from enjoying the solid thrills of genuine suffering caught on film to be watched, relished, rewound and rewatched.

COPS - You know the excellent TV series that follows real US (and occasionally O/S) police running down unrepentant criminal trash (mostly blacks and Mexicans) who're determined to avoid justice at all costs? Well there's a couple of videos out called 'COPS - TOO HOT FOR TV'. It's more extreme footage of misguided police brutally enforcing unconscionably repressive laws designed to control the growing hordes of barbaric filth that mark the decline of this civilisation. When COPS first appeared on TV, a friend (no stranger to depravity) remarked that it was "all fake" because the perps mostly ignored the camera. This naive cunt failed to realise that Americans are comfortable and familiar with being filmed.

TRACES OF DEATH I & II - Like the 'DEATH SCENES' series, this is authentic footage of real deaths. Whilst viewing this cavalcade of snuff with hardened gorehounds, one girl remarked (to my astonishment) that it was "all fake". Granted, some scenes appear spurious (like the guy who's tied between two cars by mad, gun-toting Arabs and pulled apart (make a wish...)). His one-armed torso is dragged along until the Arabs catch up and shoot him), but many, if not most, of the death footage is deliciously real. This jaded slut simply couldn't allow that such juicy footage could be available and tried to remain unimpressed by denying it's authenticity.

GRENZBEREICH, SPERRGEBEIT, GRAUZONE - This series (over 30 tapes) features real shit eating. Participants vary from the revolted to the enthusiastic. I'm not talking about delicately licking or nibbling on a brown nugget - I'm talking turd-munching consumption, shit squishing between your teeth and smearing excrement all over your body, face and hair. Piss drinking and occasional vomiting, mouth to open mouth, also occur.

In **STRASSENFLIRT (STREET FLIRT** - one of the **GRENZBEREICH** series), an attractive whore eats a shit sandwich - there's no editing or fakery. The fat 'King of Shit' guy defecates a solid, thick log of crap straight onto a piece of fresh white bread and the greedy whore bites it in half, chews it up and swallows. Her doe eyes gleam with satisfaction. I saw this at the Ultimo Hand of Death. The leader (who supplied 'NIGHT OF THE WARLOCK' - see SP#6) commented that the shit eating must be fake. We rewound and reviewed the scene several times to dispel his doubt. I was surprised that such a master of disgust couldn't (Initially) accept that enthusiastic shit eating was real.

Other people dwelling in the safe confines of denial suggested that "fake shit" was prepared and inserted

via enema, so the crap gobblers were only eating a bowel-disgorged, fart-splattered brown fudge, but the variety of textures and colours combined with the retching disgust of the less enthusiastic epicure leaves no doubt that this is documentation of an authentic shit feast.

NIPPEL PIERCING - DER ELEKTRO - SCHOCK (PRIVAT FILM 3) - An electrocution gets her nipples and labia fried via live wire clamps. She is then tied to a chair, her clitoris is extended via vacuum device and cotton thread tied around the base of the clitoris, then a heavy weight is attached. She screams, cries and writhes violently until her sympathetic torturer takes off the weight. For failing to endure her agony in silence, he crams a thick needle through each of her nipples and leaves a tearfully remorseful sex slave with nipple rings to wear as constant reminders of her weakness.

I was asked to spice up a couple's waning sex life by providing some porn tapes. Not wishing to shock, I initially presented slick, big budget films of beautiful people having romantic, exciting sex, but they were bored, so I presented films of more energetic, more dangerous or thrilling sex practices. They remained bored. They expected **DIE HARD** or **FLYING HIGH** with sex - but action and comedy use a much faster pace and bigger budgets than sex films. In exasperation at their determination not to be impressed by any of my offerings, I put on **NIPPEL PIERCING DER ELEKTRO SCHOCK**. SHE was disgusted and HE said it was "fake", but clearly it's real and THEY are fat, dull losers.



YUP! GOTTA GETTUM
B'FORE DAYS GROW
TEETH. DAT'S
WOT I RECKON

"TRUE ADVISE
FROM A RAGIN'
PEDOPHILE"

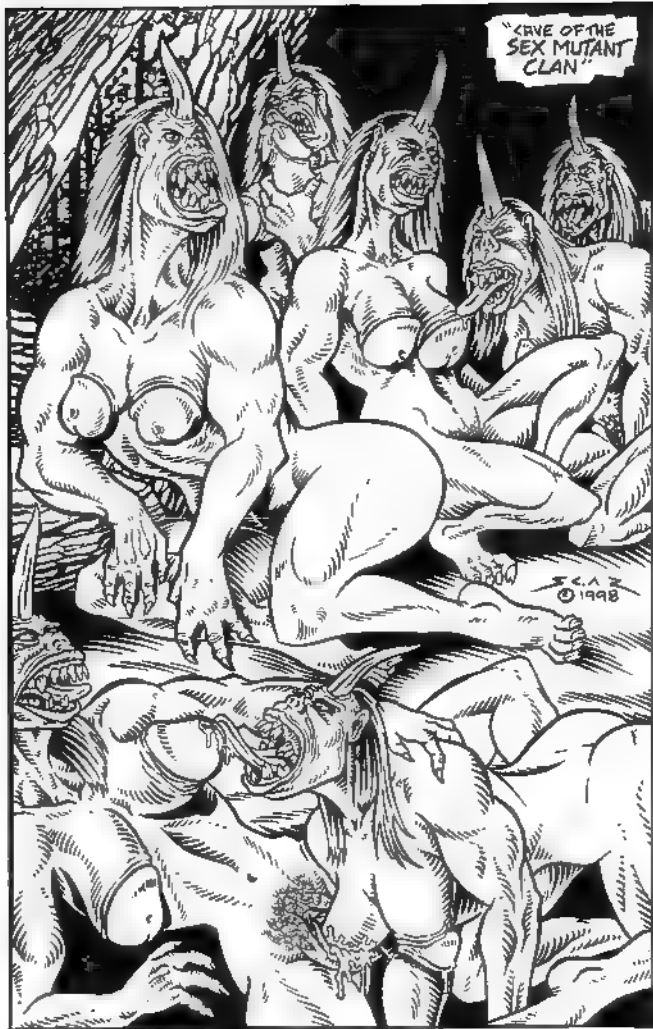
MAN...
THIS GUYS
A REAL
FREAK!

BUT
I LUV
HIM!



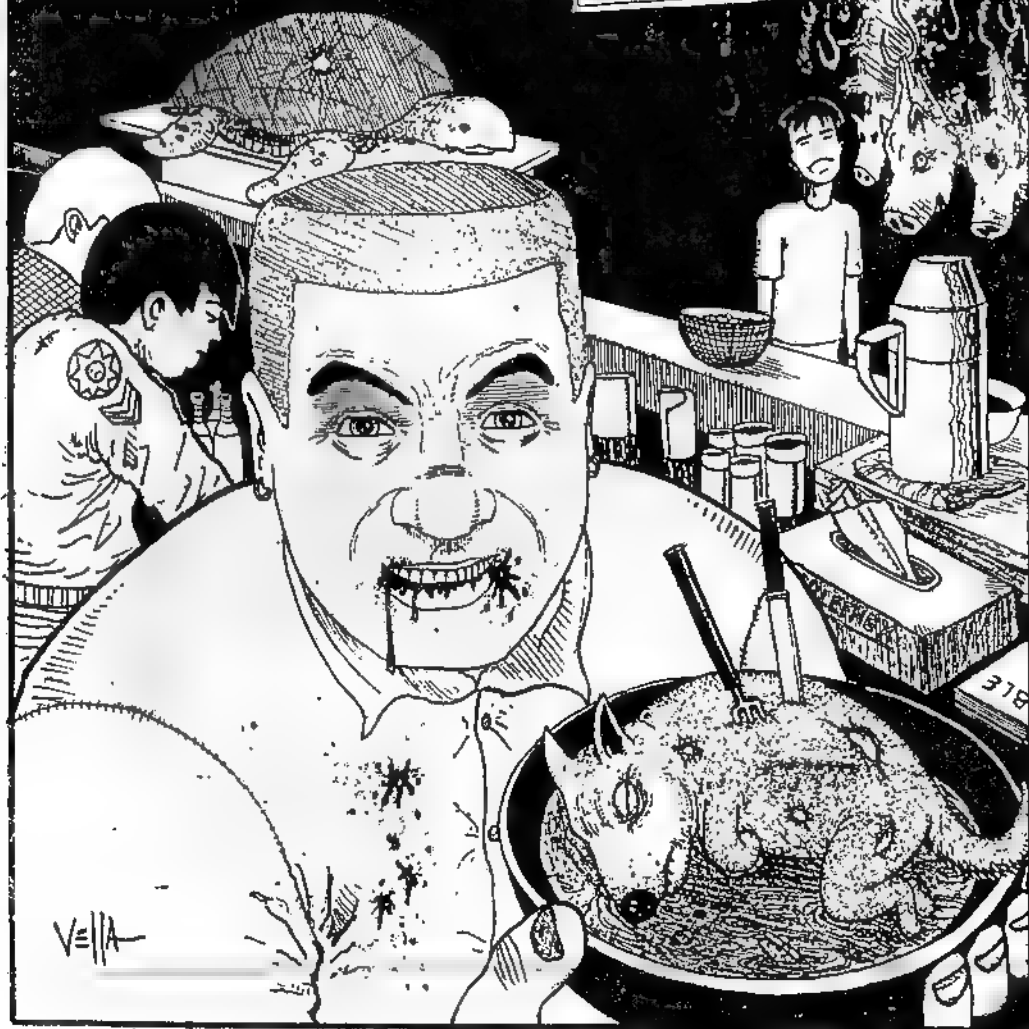
MANGREL
© 1997.

"CAVE OF THE
SEX MUTANT
CLAN"



SICK PUPPY COMIX

MATURE READERS



SICK puppy COMIX #7

PO BOX 93 PADDINGTON NSW 2021 AUSTRALIA email: stratu@start.com.au

The author's productions suggest he is a severely hostile and disturbed personality. There is an apparent need for power, often seen as a reaction to deeply held feelings of inadequacy. By disturbing others through his outrageous productions, he experiences a sense of strength and great power. He can defy society generally, while collecting around himself those who accept his disturbed form of communicating.

- From the psychological evaluation of Mike Diana by Dr Sidney Merin Ph D
THE WORST OF BOILED ANGEL (MIKE HUNT PUBLICATIONS)



Welcome back to Sick Puppy Comix - the comix anthology that takes you, dear reader, where the vast majority of polite society projectile vomit upon arrival. Whether you are a Sick Puppy veteran or somebody who has been serendipitously drawn to this unwholesome, yet well-meaning, publication for the first time - boy, are you in for a treat!

The super special, sick-arse grey cover and expanded 44 pages are merely the beginning. In this issue - an impressive, obsessively dedicated array of some of this country's finest comix folk are assembled to deliver to you, fortunate fiend, their sickest, puppiest comix moments. Along with, of course, our usual honest and insightful reviews of comix, zines, videos and music.

Something I've been meaning to tell you about, but haven't for various reasons (not least of which I'm usually well on the way to maximum beer overload when it comes to putting these contents pages together), is subscriptions. For a piddling \$10.00 you get four issues of Sick Puppy mailed directly to your door the minute they're cranked out of that smoking copier. That includes back issues - just tell me which ones you want. So get crackin', completists!

As far as new fiends for this half of the issue, it's a real honour to introduce to you the work of Jes (sicko mastermind behind Vomit Cuts, reviewed in this issue) along with that of John Weeks (Yankee ex-pat creator of Quickdraw, editor of 'Nice' comix, also reviewed in these pages).

Not to mention all the regular comix superfiends you have come to know and love... Just admit it. we spoil you.

Stratu - March 1998

SWEET AND SOUR PUPPY SIDE

Cover by Ryan Vella

p2 - This Is It, Freakazoid!

p3 - Casserole by Jes O'Vomitguts

p4-5 - Little Jenny's Right To Life by Ross Tesoriero

p6-8 - Louise Graber's Black Light Angels

p9 - Doppelgänger by Chris Mikul

p10 - Fartsack and Lardgutz by Steve Carter & Antoinette Rydyr

p11 - Shit Pete Goes To Hell by Stratu

p12-14 - The Hand of Chuck by John Weeks & Ken Grobe

p15-17 - Travls 7 by David Leeftang

p18-19 - Death Is Still What You Want by David Puckeridge

p20-21 - Self Publish Of Die! reviews by Stratu

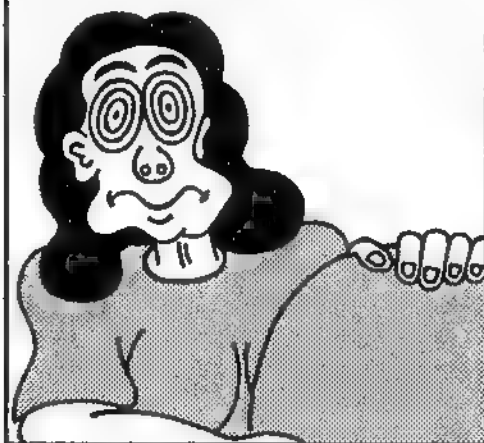
p22-23 - Cave Of The Sex Mutant Clan by Steve Carter & Antoinette Rydyr

SICK PUPPY COMIX #7. MARCH 1998. FIRST PRINTING. PUBLISHED BY STRATU. ALL CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © OF THEIR RESPECTIVE CREATORS/AUTHORS. FOR STRICTLY LEGAL REASONS, LET ME JUST STATE THAT ALL CONCEPTS AND OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS ISSUE ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE PUBLISHER. SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, SUBMISSIONS, PROMOTIONAL ITEMS AND DOG FOOD TO SICK PUPPY COMIX PO BOX 93 PADDINGTON NSW 2021 AUSTRALIA OR EMAIL stratu@start.com.au

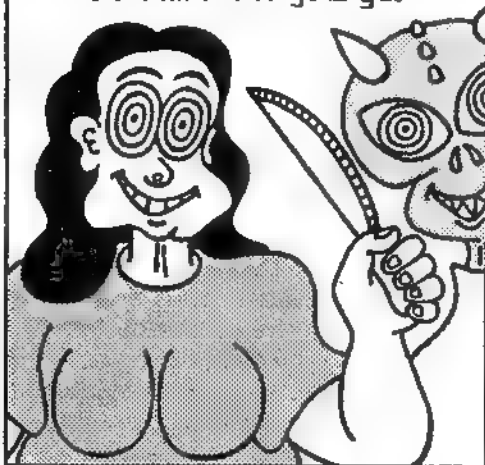
CASSEROLE

By Jes O'Vomitguts © 1998. Don't try this at home.

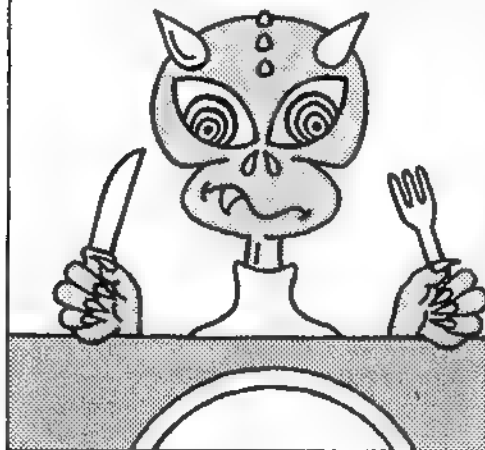
If you've got a little problem
With a fast-expanding womb
You don't want a baby
'Cause you haven't got the room



Don't just sit there moping
Like someone just shot your mutt
Let's go grab a carving knife
And take it to your gut



'Cause there's a little recipe
That I think's really great
But I need some foetal tissue
Or there'll be an empty plate

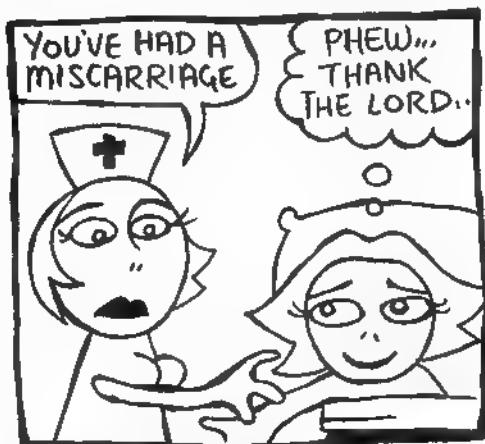


So hop up on the table now
And we can rock 'n roll
I'll show you how to make yourself
A foetus casserole!



LITTLE JENNY'S RIGHT TO LIFE BY ROSS T.





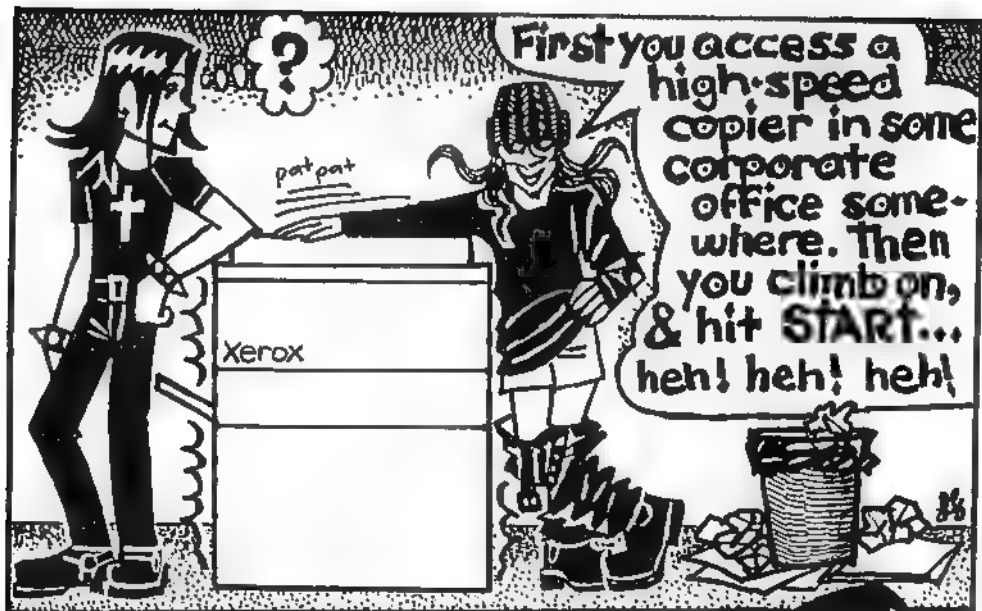
LOUISE GRABER'S
BLACK*LIGHT*ANGELS

Meet Martin Lumen,
passionate participant in the
Australian underground, artist,
cartoonist,
activist
and
ratbag.

**FUCKING
SOCIETY
FUCKING
SUCKS!**

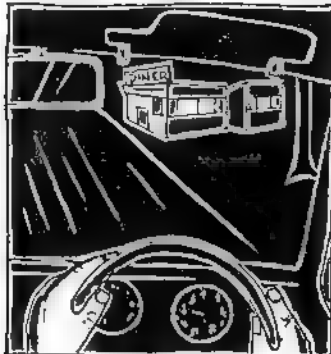






DOPPELGÄNGER

I'D BEEN DRIVING 15 HOURS BY THEN. A ROADSIDE DINER BECKONED.

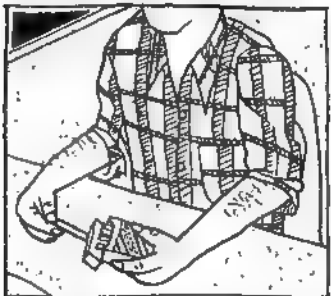


I ORDERED A STEAK SANDWICH AND COFFEE FROM THE FAT SLOB BEHIND THE COUNTER.

THAT'S WHEN I SAW HIM - SITTING IN A CORNER. I NOTICED HIS RESEMBLANCE TO ME IMMEDIATELY. IT WAS QUITE UNCANNY.



I STRUCK UP A CONVERSATION WITH HIM. HE WAS FROM INTERSTATE. A DRIFTER LOOKING FOR WORK - NO FAMILY, NO TIES.

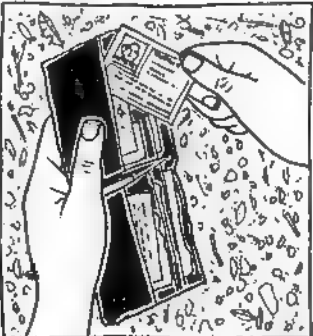


I TOLD HIM I WAS GOING TO WORK ON A PROPERTY 100 K'S AWAY. THERE WERE MORE JOBS GOING THERE. I OFFERED HIM A LIFT.

WE CAMPED BY A CREEK THAT NIGHT AND TALKED FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS BEFORE TURNING IN.

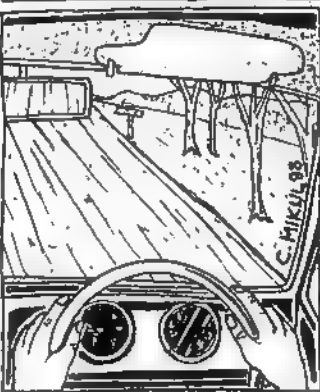


I KILLED HIM THE NEXT MORNING. IT WAS WEIRD KILLING SOMEONE WHO LOOKED JUST LIKE ME - ESPECIALLY WHEN I SHOT HIM IN THE FACE.



I WENT THROUGH HIS THINGS. I FOUND ID CARDS, A BANKBOOK, EVEN A PASSPORT. LOOKS LIKE I HAD ME A NEW IDENTITY!

THINGS WERE LOOKING UP AT LAST.



FARTSACK AND LARDGUTZ



Shit pete goes to HELL!!



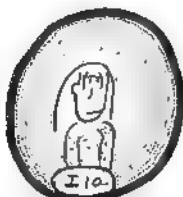
INSIDE THE SPOOKY OLD STORE...



The HAND Of CHUCK



CHUCK
Dark hair
Glasses,
Beer gut.



Ila
Married for
20 years to
Chuck



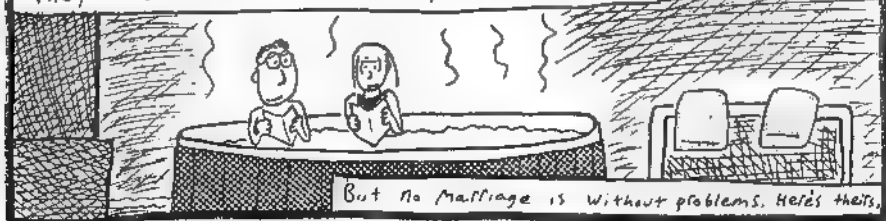
Eileen
Brown hair
with blonde
highlights



Ken
Rogue, shy handsome
17 year old boy.

Story - Ken "Son of Chuck" Grobe. Art - John Weeks

Chuck and Ila love each other very much.
They've been married for 20 years.



Chuck belches and farts a lot and Ila hates it.



Ila wasn't about to raise her children to be dirty farters and belchers.

Jesus, Chuck!
At least put
your hand over it!

Urp!

Sorry, honey.

tee
hee
hee

One summer, Ila and Chuck took Ken and Eileen on a family road-trip to northern California.

They spent one night near Stanford, where Chuck used to go to school.

**BIG O
TAVERN**

Look, Ila! The "Big O!"
I used to come here all
the time in college!

I can't believe
it's still here

Let's all have
dinner here tonight!
It'll be great!

Chuck, tonight's
our anniversary.

Please, Ila?
I haven't been
here in 25 years.

Well...

You'll love
it. I
promise.

.. All
right

Chuck was happy as a pig in shit. He ate plates of french fries and drank all the Anchor Steam on tap that he could hold.

WAAHHH Don't WEY GIT DRUNK AND SCREWW...!

I can't
eat anything
here

Gobble
munch
chew



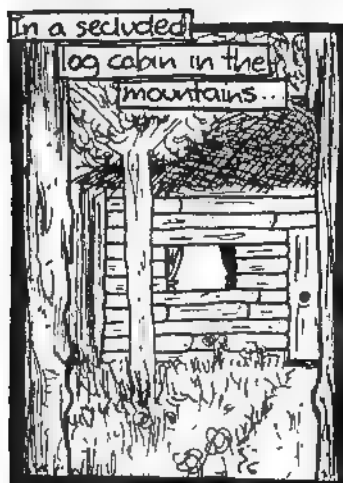
End,

Well, ya' either love him or hate him, but he's back...that Lord of Serial Killers....

Travis

By
Leef
Lang
78

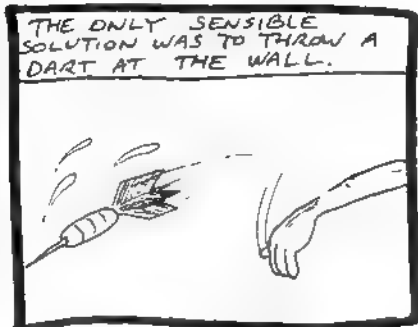
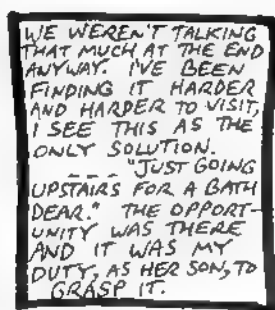
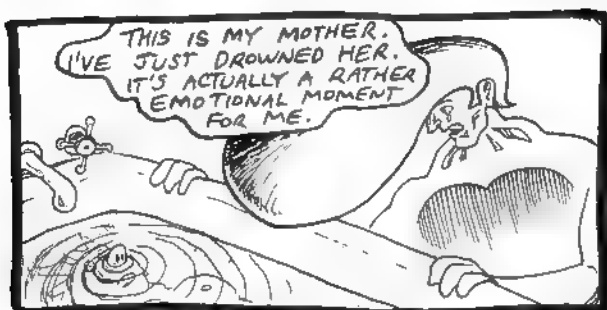
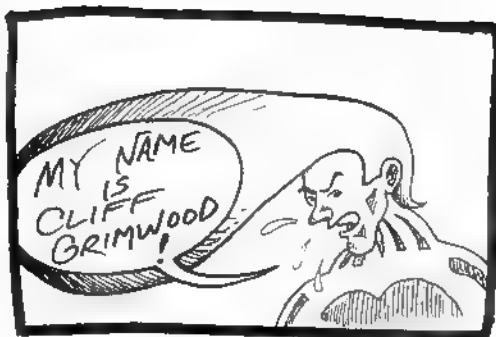
Actually, he's more of a Mass Murderer than a Serial Killer... but, on with the show...

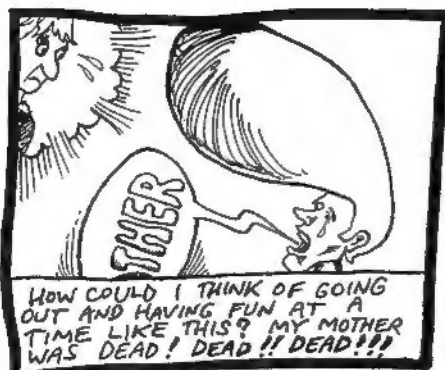




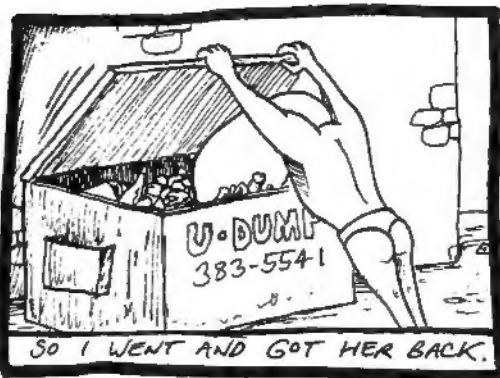


The Bloodshed Continues in **SICK#8**
puppy 8





HOW COULD I THINK OF GOING OUT AND HAVING FUN AT A TIME LIKE THIS? MY MOTHER WAS DEAD! DEAD!! DEAD!!!



SO I WENT AND GOT HER BACK.



ONCE HOME, I STUFFED THE CORPSE OF MY DEAR MOTHER TO PRESERVE HER. I WAS INSPIRED BY A MOVIE I HAD ONCE SEEN, ALTHOUGH THE TITLE ESCAPES ME.



"YOU BEEN WITH DISGUSTING GIRLS AGAIN, CLIFF?"
---NO, MOTHER!



MORE FUN NEXT TIME!

SELF PUBLISH OR DIE!

COMIX AND ZINE REVIEWS by STRATU

Make no mistake, friends, self publishing is a brutal and often thankless endeavour. You struggle daily through shitty, soul-sucking jobs and heart-shredding relationships (and that's if you're lucky!) while somehow finding the time and the creative juice to produce your masterpiece. You think you can put your feet up now, kick back and celebrate with an ice cold 6-pack o'suds? Dream on, pal. Next up is getting the fucker printed. Even then, with a fresh, inky stack of your self published pride and joy sitting proudly alongside a smoking copier, your work still isn't done. Your mission now is to become your worst nightmare! A marketing and promotions scumbag!! At this stage you are probably the proud owner of a fledgling brain tumour, not to mention that small matter of substance abuse that is rapidly taking hold of your nervous system. I bet that now you're not so surprised to learn of the alarming incidence of suicide within the small press community, are you? The good news (at last!) is that you can help. Simply select any one (or more) of the titles reviewed below and ORDER IT!!! Remember, you could be saving a life. Now (I'll just shut up and you can read on.....

BLOO DYED BLUD anthology (A5 28p \$3 Dead Xerox Press PO Box 348 Flemington VIC 3031)

A whole bunch of folks get together here to take a shot at the tragically foreshortened life of Princess Die. From teary-eyed homages of love and affection to cruel and tasteless (now we're getting somewhere!) jabs at the poor thing, this comic has all bases covered. Vella, Graber, Emdin, Tesoriero, Ashworth, Hutchings, Weeks, Mackay, Fikaris and more. Something here for evil republicans and toffee-nosed monarchists alike.

CHILDREN OF THE RADIATION SICKNESS by Ross Tesoriero (A5 24p \$2 14A Lakeview Pde Warriewood NSW 2102)

Ross has rapidly become one of the heavyweights in Sydney's minicomix scene PLUS he sure knows how to pack away the booze. (That's why I like him). However, since this ain't a beer tasting Journal, we shall stick to this here comic. This issue includes the story of Ross' vomiting school chum, a Boy And His Teeth, more Ursula the Cannibal Girl hijinks, murderous jellyfish, a stinking bum and much more. Anton Emdin shows us the sorry end result of women's liberation while Shit Pete reveals to us exactly why his Religion is Shit. Just get this one, OK?

VOMIT CUTS #3 by Jes (A5 16p \$1 PO Box 2327 Fitzroy MDC VIC 3065)

During a recent mission to spread the Sick Puppy disease to the filth-starved folks down Melbourne way, I was pleasantly surprised to discover that Melbourne has its own bad taste guru, namely Jes. He isn't afraid to use bad language, nor is he averse to depicting scenes of pop star mutilation, child abuse, dolphin fucking, kitten mutilation, uses for aborted foetuses and more pop star mutilation. Ues really seems to have it in for Alanis Morissette... This issue is kinda small since #s 1 & 2 each had 32 pages, so send him \$5 and ask for all three. I mean it - If you're enjoying Sick Puppy, you need these.

CRUEL WORLD #4 by Anton Emdin (A5 36p \$3.50 12/174 Bridge Rd Glebe NSW 2037)

With this issue Anton blazes a vivid trail with a mighty fine full colour cover along with a hefty page count (hence the \$3.50 price tag). In this issue we find out why the second coming of Christ is taking so damned long (aside from the fact that he's probably scared shitless of my Lord and Master; SATAN!!). We are also treated to a tale of extreme video game addiction along with a tragic love scenario that ends in a bloodbath. Also along for the ride are Mandy 'Revhead' Ord and Ross 'Troubled' Tesoriero. I really don't see how you could live without this one.

A SLIGHT CASE OF MODERN MURDER by Gerard Ashworth (A5 20p \$2 7170 Queenscliff Rd Queenscliff NSW 2096)

It's pretty much universally agreed that much of Gerard's stuff is brain-shreddingly difficult/complex/unfathomable etc... In fact this is how virtually every review of his work begins. This one, however, is brutally clear in its relation of a period in Gerard's life you could pretty much sum up as one king helluva booze binge that led to visual and aural hallucinations, paranoia, 'despair' and utter self-loathing. This is a million

SHOCKY HORROR!!



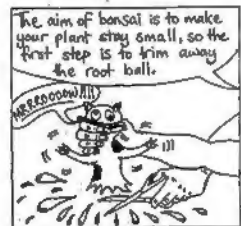
THE PRINCESS HAD 4 TIMES THE LEGAL PORN AMOUNT OF CUM IN HER AT THE TIME OF THE ACCIDENT. REMEMBER KIDS - DON'T GET HEAD AND DENT!

BLOO DYED BLUD



He was reading a story in which a Zombie woman was forcing a mortal to perform oral sex on her withered, diseased genitalia.

CHILDREN OF THE RADIATION SICKNESS



VOMIT CUTS

CRUEL WORLD



miles away from fairytale fiction. This is a stomach-churning account of the absolute low end of this often cruel existence. I read this in one white-knuckled sitting. I've been there myself and I'm sure more than a few of you have too. Essential. Essential. Essential.

RANTS #1 by David Leeflang (A5 44p \$2 PO Box KL133 Kings Langley NSW 2147)

David 'Travis' Leeflang has been contributing to SP right from it's raw, naive beginning and this is his first solo book. On the menu we have comix about supermarket geeks, convoluted vampire intrigues, great accidental deaths in history and acid-popping donut heads along with some very personal prose writing. If you've been 'digging David's sicko work in these pages then you're probably gonna want to pick this one up. A fine first issue.

NICE anthology (A6 32p \$2 Dead Xerox Press PO Box 348 Flemington VIC 3031)

You know, there's only so much sex, violence, violent sex and general depravity you can indulge yourself in before your poor brain is screaming for something wholesome...something pure...something nice goddamnit, and here it is. A bunch of this country's finest comix folk, nice and otherwise, all come together to see just how nice they can be. Gregory Mackay, Amber Carvan, Clint Cure, Michael Fikaris, Neale Blanden, Gerard Ashworth, Mandy Ord, John Weeks, Ben Ridder, Kirrily Schell, Scott Pollard and others give us a therapeutic, pillow-encased pounding with a nice rubber sledge hammer. I certainly needed it and so will you.

BIZZARRISM #5 by Chris Mikul (A4 40p \$5 PO Box K546 Haymarket NSW 1240)

Consistently my favourite Australian zine and here's a brand new issue to get excited about. What makes Bizzarrism really stand out from the crowd is Chris' obvious passion for his subject matter. He researches his material and writes intelligently yet conversationally, which is much harder than it sounds. He is also a gifted comix writer/artist (which you should already know from his work in SP). In this issue: manuscripts of murderers, the Virgin Mary's representative on Earth, more hollow Earth theory, Sigmund Freud exposed, an interview with a legendary King's Cross strip club owner, ghostly motorcycle riders, recluses, book reviews plus more of Chris' wonderful comix strips. I've said it before and I'll say it again, you need this truly excellent zine.

BLACK LIGHT ANGELS #4 by Louise Graber (A4 72p \$5 PO Box 84 Glebe NSW 2037)

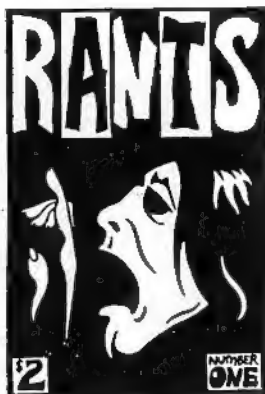
So, what happens after Krucifiction's tour bus goes over the cliff? In this new issue of this supremely gothik comik you will find some of the answers, if not all. Louise's artwork is truly an orgasm for the eyeballs and now the story and characters are solidifying and becoming very compelling indeed. Also this issue - comix by Mandy Ord, Ross Tesoriero and Gerard Ashworth plus 5 Vivisections; a Vivisection being where Louise selects various comix folk and subjects them to a series of Q&A written and visual tests. Subjects here include Ross 'Aren't You Getting Sick Of Me Yet?' Tesoriero, Damien Woods, Dillon Naylor, Bruce Mutard and that Stratu guy. It really looks as though you better pick this one up, too.

MISANTHROPE #1 edited by Chris A. Masters (A4 52p \$5 PO Box 7545 St Kilda Rd Melbourne Vic 3004)

Here's another little piece of nastiness that I picked up while I was in Melbourne. (Polyester Books totally rock.) In the wake of Jim and Debbie Goad's powerful manifestos of hate and misanthropy (Answer Mel), copycat zines have sprung up all over the frickin' place. Look no further than Mr Master's editorial here which comes across like tenth rate Goad. It's almost as though he's read Answer Mel #s 1 through 4 in a single, rapt sitting then immediately bounded over to his typer in a frenzy of inspiration. It's a shame he simply regurgitates his American hero's attitudes without adding anything of his own.

Having said that, Chris' black heart is obviously in the right place. Featured in this premiere issue is fiction by the legendary cop-turned-bad G J Schaefer along with a eulogy for the fiend (murdered in his Florida prison in December 1995) by David Nolte (of Fatal Visions); interviews with Boyd Rice, Hellfire Club/Bloodlust visionary Richard Wolstencroft and Big Bad Ralph - a huge, mean and dangerous-looking monster born to play movie hitmen. There's also some rather forgettable horror fiction. Look, after you've read the gut-churningly realistic and stylishly executed stuff by a real life psycho like Schaefer, nothing else is gonna come close unless the writer is another legitimate butcher from Death Row.

Despite it's faults, Misanthrope is still a million times nastier than virtually any other literature you will find in this country and I will certainly be picking up subsequent issues, as should any self-respecting connoisseur of extreme literature among you, dear readers...



"CAVE OF THE
SEX MUTANT
CLAN"

